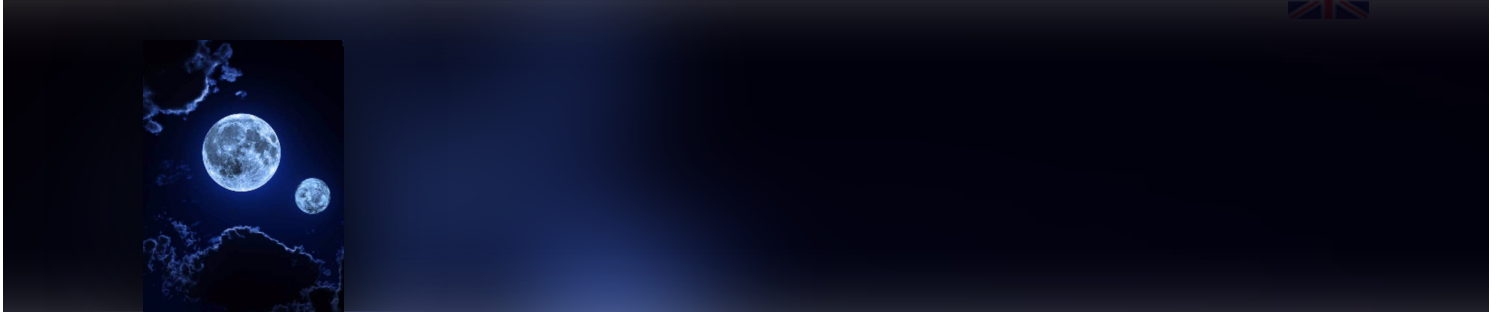




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Midnight Writer



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Chapter 1 by Sam I am

At night, when the sun fades to darkness and the stars come out of hiding, is when she comes to life. Then and only then does the pen start moving and imagination runs wild. New characters swirl around her head and a new world forms on paper with ink lines forming words and pictures, But when the sun rises and the moon fades, the pen falls and the world stops. Her name... Midnight Writer.

Chapter 2 by Rn D



She is ghostly pale with fingers cold as a winter's night and gentle as a feather. Her cheeks are rosy and her hair is jet black like the night sky

Chapter 3 by Ashley Hagan



The Midnight Writer can channel the spirits of the greatest. Sometimes, she channels Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Dickens, Hemingway, Poe, Fitzgerald, Steinbeck, Jane Austen, Mary Shelley, or Jules Verne. The Midnight Writer was cursed to awake every night for the rest of the century and write stories. Every century, she takes the life of another girl and uses that girl's body.

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Chapter 4 by Funding



Kelly awoke at her desk with a start.

"Honey? Are you ok?" Her husband, Carl, was resting his hand on her shoulder. She tried to shake the sleep off of her, but it didn't want to give. Her head was full of strange words. Things she had never said before like "Thou" and "Forsooth". Images of lovers meeting again after years apart haunted her even now, and above it all loomed the figure of a sad but beautiful woman. Why was she so sad?

"What've you been writing?" Carl asked, picking up a piece of paper filled with Kelly's neat handwriting.

"Huh? Writing?" Kelly sniffed, but Carl was scrutinizing the page in his hand.

"When did I get up from bed? Last I remember you were watching 'Andy Griffith' and laughing at Barney."

"Wow," came Carl's response, "This is really good honey. Did you come up with this yourself?" Kelly took the page from his hand and read some of it. She couldn't make head nor tail of it, all "Thee"s and "Thou"s. She looked at the top of the paper. There written in her own handwriting was the title:

"Loves labours won"

A chill ran down her spine. She had a sinking feeling that things were about to get worse.

Chapter 5 by NishitheAwsumCookie



Over time, her skin became paler, her hair became darker.

Everyday, at midnight, she would wake up, to write. She remembered nothing. Only that she had written something.

She would wake up, and carry on with her ordinary life. The Midnight Writer only took over when it was night.

Slowly, the life was getting sucked out of Kelly. The doctors told her that something was wrong.

Something no one could understand.
Kelly was living, but dying.

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